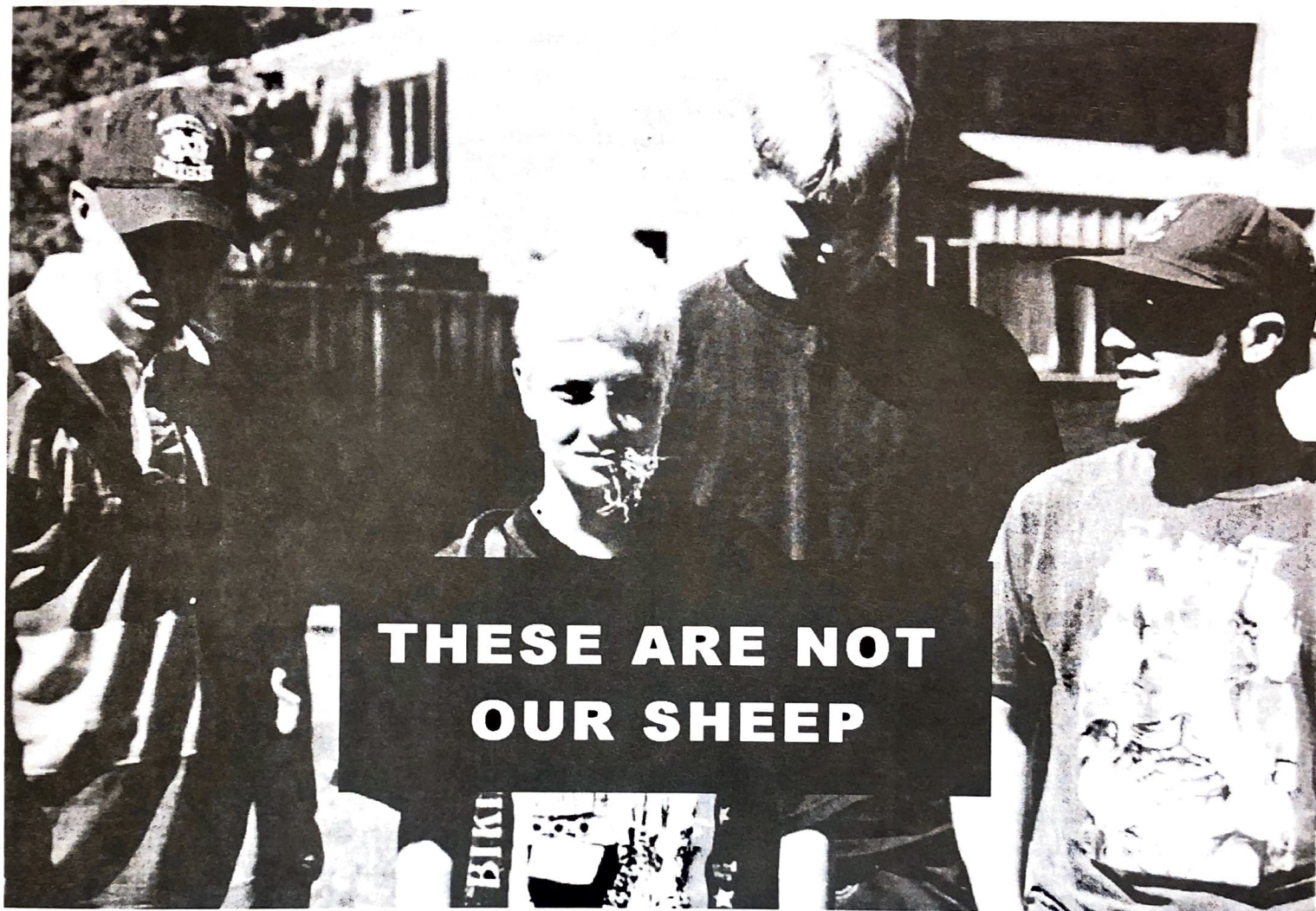


THE OMEN



H A M P S H I R E

Office of the Omen
Amherst, Massachusetts 01002
www.biteme.edu

Hampshire sheep are anything but human like. They stand around on all fours and do useful things like grow wool. Wool has many uses in the Hampshire community. First of all, it is used for the production of wool socks, necessary to cope with our demanding winters, especially for those students

who refuse to wear anything but Birkenstock sandals. Second, it is a key resource for the quaint New England sweaters and hats popular at our own Farm Center. Our sheep spend many rigorous days standing around in fields eating grass and pooping. Every once in a while, they get chased by a dog,

much to the chagrin of our own Ray Coppinger, a world authority on dog behavior. Out of this environment, Hampshire sheep move on to some of the most demanding slaughterhouses in the US, giving meaning to them and to others. Hampshire's motto: We Have Our Own Sheep.

c o n t e n t s

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The Omen

Volume 11, Number 1
September 18, 1998

Editors and Staff

Michelle Beach.....	Editor in Chief
Jacob Chabot.....	Artsy Fartsy
Mat Lauritsen.....	Public Relations
Mark Hugo.....	Editor Scapgoat
Aemily Reshen.....	Profreeding Editor
Jeff Barnett.....	Saved From the Pound
Travis Dale.....	Moral Support
Dave Killen.....	Ronnie Reagan Look Alike
Bert Cattaveri.....	The White Man's Mr. T
Wade Stuchwisch.....	Official Film Fuck
Paul Boyer.....	Yes, He's Still a Student

Contributors

Gareth Edel
Brenden Tamillio

"Do you re-
alize how wet
dew is?"

-Wade Stuchwisch



Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real **NAME**). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 p.m. **Submit to Michelle Beach** (B-304, box 1127). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Mat Lauritsen (A-307). **We prefer submissions on disk** — IBM or high density Mac — but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times**. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely non-partisan forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors alone.

The Omen would like to thank Aemily Reshen for her photographs. Aemily would like to thank those who were combed into posing for her.

EDITORIAL

by Michelle Beach

Returning to Hampshire is an interesting time. There is the terrible feeling that you have no classes and no hopes of getting any, the incessant sound of drumming at all hours of the day and night, the squirrels that seem numerous enough to take over the world, and, of course, the first issue of The Omen.

The Omen is very similar to Hampshire's sheep (I must thank my sister for this analogy - if it sucks it's her fault). **The sheep, much like The Omen, have always been a part of the Hampshire community.** Though they often fill the air with their stench and are not always liked, the sheep will always have a special place on campus and in the hearts of the community members. They have their fans, their indifferent supporters, as well as those who would prefer that Hampshire had no sheep. Though the groups consist of very different people, The Omen also has its supporters (those who would sacrifice their lives for it and have struggled to keep it alive despite great adversity), those who are indifferent, and those who sit around all day plotting The Omen's demise and burning all copies in attempt to rid the campus of it's

contamination. The most intriguing aspect of these groups is that all of them submit their opinions (on all subjects) for publication in the Omen and are encouraged to continue doing so.

The Omen, like the sheep, has been sick, has almost been killed off, and is now returning with great force. Last year the flock was purged to make way for a new and better flock. Though there was great protest from the die hard sheep supporters about this purge, in the end everyone knew it was for the better. The Omen has gone through a similar evolution. Over the past few years The Omen has begun the slow process of purging the diseased elements from its body and is now slowly growing in a much stronger publication because of it. The Omen, just like the new sheep, has a long way to go, but both groups are definitely off to a good start.

To become involved with the sheep, visit the farm center. To become involved with The Omen, submit to us. **The Omen is a forum designed by the members of the community rather than by the members of the staff.** It is a publication for you to express your views.

All community members

are strongly encouraged to submit. We will print anything as long as it is not libel and you include your real name. Submissions may be anything from articles (news, commentary, stories, or rambling), art, comics, photographs, poetry . . . you get the idea.

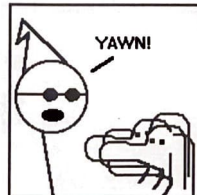
Send your stuff to me - slip it under my door (B304), or drop it in my box (1127). The Omen prefers articles on disk - IBM or high density Mac - but hard copy is fine as well. If you label your submission well (box numbers work the best) we will get it back to you. If you have any questions or want a larger role in the Omen talk with me, Mat Lauritsen, or any other member of the Omen staff and we would be glad to have your input.

Just as no one can imagine a Hampshire without sheep, it is equally difficult to imagine a Hampshire without The Omen. Walking down random paths and seeing sheep grazing is as important to life at Hampshire as picking up an Omen every other Friday to read about what the community has to say. The Omen is a great tradition at Hampshire College and, like everything else, will only be able to continue if you get involved.



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND McCOY THE DUCK

by Jacob Chabot



Letters to the Editor

Losers and Dirty Traitors

Dear Editor,
Disturbing rumors have come to my attention as a concerned reader of the longest lasting, and only meaningful, publication of Hampshire College, The Omen. Well that's not completely the case, I'm also a writer. And an editor. And a signer. Alright, this isn't a letter from a concerned reader at all. I'm too biased for that, being one of the foremost personalities of The Omen staff.

It has come to my

attention that the publication formerly known as The Forward is going through a radical change to become more like The Omen. Additionally, it was proposed to my fellow staffers that The Omen should give up its name and collaborate with the losers at The Foreword. And who would run the show? You guessed it, the ex-Foreword staff. I don't throw around the term loser as a mere disparaging remark, but only to reinforce that we at The Omen were right all along, The Forward does suck. And now it's over. Why the hell would we

join them? Do successful companies merge with bankrupt companies? OK, so they do. But look who is running them - businessmen. **The Omen is not filled with such morons.**

But I wouldn't have to worry about being involved in some new crapfest paper. From what I've heard, according to a leader of The Forward, I "must die." That's fine, I couldn't write for a publication that comes out on low quality newsprint.

Yours Truly,
Mark Hugo

A Comforting Reply

Dear Mr. Hugo,
First of all, The Omen would like to thank you for bringing up these potentially disturbing issues, so that the entire Hampshire community might be made aware of some of what is going on behind the scenes of the community's rival publications: The Omen, and whatever it is that crawled out of the asses of The Forward. Our mailbox was literally (in the less-than-truthful sense of the word) filled to overflowing with similar letters, demanding the truth behind above-mentioned rumors. But we chose to print this letter, by our own Mark Hugo, because of its worthiness as a shining example of modesty. That Mr. Hugo would admit to being a concerned reader as well as an editor of the fair publication, The Omen, illustrates a key point. The enlightened editors of The Omen (unlike some others we know) are not megalomaniacal and power-hungry, seeking to sedate the campus with an inane and unreadable product. Each issue is put together with painstaking care and tender love with the readers first and foremost in mind.

But all this is aside from the main issue, the threat of a neo-Forward worldview encroaching into

the pages of our revered Omen. I cannot stress enough, that this will not, and absolutely can not, for the good of the community, happen. We feel that the Omen's mission, to inform, entertain, and enlighten, would be seriously compromised by an alliance with an organization which has not demonstrated **the sustained level of high integrity that The Omen has.**

You are correct in saying that the Omen is not run by morons. Our management (as of this semester) has none of the businessmen-like mindset that leads to poor decisions and poor quality. Our internal affairs bureau painstakingly reviewed the backgrounds of our staff and cut out the cancerous, traitorous elements of The Omen body. We are completely confident that The Omen will continue to outlast many generations of shoddy imitations and competitors, as it is this community's established forum where anyone's voice can be heard, no matter what that voice sounds like.

Sincerely
Travis Dale
Editor

No sex for Hampshire men

by Gareth "The Evil Twin" Edel

(Names have been withheld to prevent embarrassment to the victims families, and all similarities to real events or people is intentional but don't get upset...)

My name is Gareth and I am a Hampshire college student. (All the gathered crowd clap and say "Hello Gareth.") I have over three years of association with the college, and have made many unwanted observations to my friends about life here on campus.

But that is not today's topic. Today's show needs to be started on a hot sweaty ShowTime note. As opposed to the average USA network stuff usually in the Omen. So today our topic is sex, or the lack thereof, on campus.

Last night I sat in front of my dorm with a friend. Thinking, smoking, the same shit a lot of us do all the time here. As usual I was vastly surprised to see three attractive ladies walk up to my friend (let us call him Brian. No it isn't his real name). They were smiling. They seemed to know him and so naturally I assumed he might be getting some. They were dressed nicely, each was cleaned and perfumed. I think it would be fair to speak for Brian and say we both enjoyed the company.

Anyhow, on questioning about their destination in such finery they enigmatically answered "We are goin' Huntin!" Well to be honest only one said those words but another started jumping up and down giggling in excitement. My curiosity was piqued.

"Hunting?"

"Yeah we are going to go find a kegger over at (insert campus name here) and get some BOOTY, We'll find some guys and get laid."

To be entirely honest I am probably paraphrasing because the only specific words I remember were "get BOOTY" and "laid" but I am certain of the meaning.

Then it got worse. They complained "there are no men here..." and **she said there was no one to have sex with at Hampshire.** Now I am a fool, but wasn't it possible she was speaking to two men who could have been interested? Why did she need to go off campus for men....? For dance classes or astronomy I understand, but to get men?

The truth is that all too often in our advanced, liberal, postmodern society here at Hampshire we do fall into traditional cultural trends. I have almost never seen a young woman walk up to a man she did not know and start talking to him. Who knows? Maybe right behind my back there are women propositioning guys all the time. I could simply be unpopular... I wouldn't disagree if that was your answer. But I don't think that explains it. No matter how fat, ugly, and poorly endowed I was one of the handsome guys I am, know would have mentioned having been asked out by a woman, even if I had not. Instead the women go off campus to parties, get drunk and let guys they don't know hit on them. Take the offensive position.

So this is my plea to the women of Hampshire. Grab the near-

Ask the Evil Twin: *Health and Community at Hampshire*

est guy, don't prove to Amherst or Umass guys that Hampshire Men are (insert derogatory word-expletive deleted). Let the men here know you want sex. Ask us out, walk up and start a conversation. What is the big deal? Don't just put yourself out there for off campus frat boys who are drunk and horny, find the "balls" to ask a guy you know here out. Or go there and ask out a drunk frat boy. It would still be a good change.

I also wanted to say one or two things about upcoming topics in the hopes someone out there is interested. They may be my deranged opinions but now they are published. Future topics include:

- Information on the new Culture Health and Science Certificate program here and in the five colleges - yet another way to try and impress graduate schools.
- A few rants about Div II, the reorganization, or even community service (I will admit that I am only writing this column to get community service).
- News about NS or some grumbles from Lynn Miller.
- Embarrassing stories which are sickly funny about people asking me health questions as if I were a doctor - I admit AP biology was comprehensive, but I don't have an MD.
- Why to be pre-med at Hampshire, hopefully a few quotes from involved faculty and students (because it is easier here than anywhere else) and I'll have quotes or fake them...
- Who knows, maybe an argument for LSD... why not?

SHAKEN, *not* STIRRED

The Late, Late Show with Dave Killen

by Dave Killen

Here, without further ado, are my predictions for this, the 1998-99 school year -

- Alanis Morissette's much anticipated second album is released, showcasing a very different style than her previous, record breaking effort. Explains Morissette: "The last album was so popular, you know, this time I was trying to get away from that, do more of a niche, low-sales record, specifically aimed at that small group of hard core fans who have been with me since the beginning." It is much to her surprise, then, when the album goes quadruple platinum in its first week of release and breaks all sales records. Says Morissette: "I'm sure there's a word to describe this situation, but I'll be damned if I know what it is."

- After Bill Clinton is impeached, Al Gore finds himself in the one position he didn't think he would possibly occupy if the president were ousted - vice president. Congress decides he is the most logical choice after a **surprise write-in victory in the election to replace Clinton goes to "Al Gore's penis."** In an attempt to explain this bizarre phenomenon, a *Newsweek* poll will conclude only that 57% of voters "just wanted to see if he had one."

- Oliver Stone's latest film, *Mondale*, opens in theaters across the country to mixed reviews. In addition to questioning the merit of the film itself (about the largely uninteresting loser of the 1984 presidential election), critics and audiences alike are confused by the casting of Morgan Freeman in the title role.

When asked in a Barbara Walters interview if he realized that Walter Mondale is in fact a white man, Stone glares at her, takes an exaggerated drag on his cigarette and responds **"Fuck you, Barbara Walters."**

- Many Hampshire students will not get the joke in prediction #1. Isn't that ironic? (No.)

- The so-called Y2K bug will arrive early, in November of 1998, much to the dismay of stockbrokers and computer programmers everywhere. The cause of its ahead of schedule arrival will be determined to be a collective desire of the computers to "just piss the humans off a little."

- In a group Div 1 gone horribly awry, a new college will be founded next to Atkins in an experiment to see if Hampshire's philosophy can be taken even further. Dubbed "Vermont University" to confuse outsiders of its location, its code actually penalizes hard work and subverts the "traditional" college ABCDF grading system by failing students who score higher than 90%, etc. The direct competition created by the new school puts Hampshire under in less than a year. Its buildings are annexed by VU and used to store crack cocaine.

- In September, Dave Killen will be forced to leave Hampshire after coming up short on tuition. The primary cause for this will be a lawsuit stemming from his plagiarism of Conan O'Brien's "Year 2000" sketch on Late Night. When this is reported in the *Omen*, the Hampshire community's response is only: "Hey! That guy's last name looks like 'Killer'!"

White Trash Saturday Night Fever



by Mark Hugo

"Are you done puking?"

The voice slipped into my ear, muddled and distorted due the effects of that great elixir of life, alcohol - all the mind numbing effects of pain killers without the nasty prospective of over-dose.

I found the question demeaning. It had been nearly three years since my last substance related hurl*. Moments before, as I was serenading a lawn plant with bits of a BK Broiler, I knew things had changed. Something was not right. It could be that half of the time I was falling short of the lawn/plant area and hitting the driveway, but that was incidental to the overall mood of the evening.

I took many stops between Connecticut and Los Angeles. I ended up in Bellingham, Washington and still had the long haul through the Boring Straight looming in the near future. Dawdling through any non-coastal states can be a tense prospect for a man of my imagination. The trip over would stay with me in the form of images such as the six-legged cow, the woman who wanted her money back because she

didn't see the 8,000 pound prairie dog advertised on the sign (the prairie dog was actually a statue), the geriatric slot machine junkies, or of myself attempting to find out if prostitution is legal in Vegas. Imagine my annoyance when all my simple questions were answered with, **"We send naked women to your room, sir."**

Las Vegas is a horrific and enlightening place. It is the belly of the Beast, the center of the Capitalist merry-go-round. A place where a good American can go and throw away their cash with the fuzzy feeling of defiance. "Rebel Just Like Everyone Else." And there I was, playing my part in the overall absurd picture. The absurdity was waiting everywhere. The message everywhere is buy something or move along. Walking through a national monument or sitting on the boardwalk in Santa Monica I knew that if I stayed too long I'd get a billy-club nudging me off. Public land owned by the people and policed by the state. More of a fashion police than anything else. If you look like a vagrant, then a vagrant you are. In the

name of safety we have given up our rights to public places. How does a person trespass on public land (vagrancy laws being slight variation of trespassing laws)? This may seem a stumble through vast fields of bullshit but it serves as background for my conclusion. I seemed to have lost my tolerance for more than just alcohol, but also for *White Trash Saturday*.

It's been a relatively short haul through the land of the white trash. It began with one of the greatest weekend of my life, with it's aptly named "white trash Saturday," rambling into a monogamistic journey through the murky backwaters of my mind, and finally ends here and now. I took the state endorsed poison of my choosing and used it to draw the venom out and let it bleed out onto paper. As they say in Rocky Horror, "the game has been disbanded, our minds have been expanded."

* I broke this tradition not too long ago. Last night I made that transition from mildly drunk to alcohol poisoning at break-neck speed. A moment of silence for the passing of my tolerance.

Omen Reviews Fear and Loathing

by Wade Stuckwisch

Hi, I'm Wade Stuckwisch. You may remember me from such past Omen articles as "Dammit, Who Told Jordan?: The Omen Coup Gone Horribly Wrong" and "I'll Get You, You Hippie, and Your Little Dog Too." Well, after all the anonymous threats and hate mail, I guess I ought to admit that I was a little hard on some people last year. Fortunately, over the summer I enrolled in several counseling and anger management programs, as well as drug and alcohol rehab, to help me to deal with my personal problems instead of taking them out on the Hampshire community. I'm also pleased to announce that over the summer I was introduced to the love of Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and accepted Him as my own Lord and Savior. So this year I promise that all my hatred will be condescending and dogmatic. Thank you all so much for caring.

So anyway, this summer when I wasn't working, playing golf, running into Fugazi in a rest area, wondering if the women on TV are real, or... well... you know, I saw a shitload of summer movies. I admit most of them were actually art house flicks (the Buffalo art house circuit kicks the shit out of the theaters here, surprisingly...), but I also saw my fair share of Hollywood's annual steaming pile of big-budget blockbusters. Without further ado, here's the wrap up...

Deep Impact: ...should have been subtitled "...Into Your Anus." There were only about two big action sequences, so most of the movie was about people's reactions to their im-

pending doom. Unfortunately they all somehow had cheesy, contrived Hollywood reactions. And these two 15-year olds got married! C'mon you brats, like you won't be broken up in a month. The thing with the musicians in *Titanic* was twice what this whole movie was. That's just sad...

The Big One: Michael Moore's latest film on how big business screws us all. Mike gets mad props for telling it like it is, causing trouble all across the US, and having the balls to film on video. (See, some people don't have millions of dollars to make a film...) It wasn't half of what *Roger & Me* was, but the message was the important part. Go Big Mike!

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas: Leave it to Terry Gilliam to put the biggest drug trip ever on film. Also by far the most quotable movie of the summer (especially if you do it in your best Johnny Depp/Hunter S. Thompson impression). Maybe some of the significance got lost in

the visuals, but I was pinned to my seat for the whole thing. My drug of choice.

Wild Things: This wasn't a summer movie, but I saw it second run this summer so I'm counting it. This movie was basically one big excuse for a really good made-for-cable softcore porn flick. You just don't see actresses as hot as Denise Richards or as big as Neve Campbell do stuff like this every day. The plot threw in waaaaay too many gratuitous twists, and it all developed into a very typical Hollywood predatory lesbian story by the end, but see it just for the three-way between Richards, Campbell, and Matt Dillon. But did we really need to see Kevin Bacon's ham 'n eggs?

Dirty Work: Norm Macdonald is a genius. OK, that's an outright lie, but this movie reaches new heights in bad comedy. The whole movie is painfully bad, then Norm makes some crack about dead hookers and it's hilarious. Note: if you don't like Norm Macdonald, watching this movie would probably be like running your genitals over a belt sander. Don't try it. Otherwise, by all means see it!

Bullworth: A movie that lived up to the hype. This movie definitely didn't have all the answers, but it sure asked some great questions about the way we do politics in the '90s. Best thing about the movie was how Bullworth's aides jumped onto his new image and attitude the moment they saw he was getting votes. It's all just a big candidate sale, folks...

The Opposite of Sex: So, how about Christina Ricci's breasts, huh? Actually, once you got past

in an Air Conditioned Theatre

the cleavage the best thing about this movie was just what a tremendous bitch Christina Ricci's character was. It's funny because it's true. (True to life, I mean.) Great characters and dialogue. You'll laugh your ass off. One of the best movies I saw all summer.

The Last Days of Disco: Three reasons to see this movie: 1) Chloe Sevigny... 2) and Kate Beckinsale... 3) play Hampshire grads. They're perfect Hampshire types, too: Kate is the well-meaning and attractive psycho-bitch, and Chloe is the socially inept one. The movie was very dialogue driven (i.e. lots of people talking and not much action), but there's one little philosophical gem near the very end that saved it for me. Not recommended for the easily bored. Watch for a cameo by ex-Kid In The Hall Mark McKinney.

Buffalo '66: So, did any of you New York or Los Angeles types see this film in the theater where it premiered, like I did? I don't think so. (Do you care? I doubt it.) Vinnie Gallo's epic about a born loser born in the Queen City in the last year the Bills won the national football title gets a little bogged down in Vince's performance, in my opinion, but it's visually adventurous and makes for a neat little metaphoric journey. Christina Ricci's breasts once again play a prominent role. I worked kitty-comey to the Denny's in the movie all summer.

The Mask Of Zorro: It was a really good kids movie. I mean it. The adventure was swashbuckling, the jokes were funny, and Zorro was played by an actual Mexican. Well, the young Zorro was; Anthony Hopkins is about as Mexican as

Chuck Heston is in *Touch of Evil*. The severed head was a bit much, but it is good clean family fun.

Saving Private Ryan: The D-Day sequence is probably one of the best, most gut-wrenching depictions of war out there, and sure to satisfy even a hardcore gorehound. I now have new respect for Steven Spielberg. The rest of the movie, however, showed that Steve still can't quite deal with an actual complicated moral dilemma. Nice try, but stick to the kids movies and black-and-white moral issues, Steve. But by all means see the movie, everybody, I mean it, if just for the opening.

Smoke Signals: Well, it was okaaaaay... I'm probably gonna get lynched for this, but I had mixed feelings about this movie. It all seemed like kind of a muddle to me, but I was probably missing something. It is great to see that a movie like this got made the way it did (the movie is about Native Americans and was made by actual Native Americans). Ask me about it again if and when I see it again.

There's Something About Mary: If you've seen the commercials, you've seen the movie, because just about every good joke in the movie was in the ads. (Here's the only one that wasn't: Jonathan Richman gets shot in the end.) It was gross to an extreme but, at the same time, it was kinda sweet (Ben Stiller is just so cute...). No, of course you don't see Cameron Diaz's breasts, did you really think you would? I laughed. Enough about that...

Whatever: Slice of life film about two girls growing up on the indifferent side in early '80s New Jer-

sey. It's nice to see the world from the unflinching eye of two teenage girls growing up and trying everything life has to offer them. **It's a shame female directors usually don't get the kind of distro and attention male directors get,** because it's shocking for me as a guy to see a movie where you worry about the main characters getting raped at every turn. (And when it does happen, it happens when and where you'd least expect it...) One of my favorite films of the summer.

Pi: SEE *PI*. You have to see *Pi*. Go to Pleasant Street or the Academy of Music and tell them they damn better show *Pi* this fall. It was mind blowing. You'd think that a movie about math would be really dry, but you're so, so mistaken. Think *Stand and Deliver* meets *Eraserhead*. I shit you not. Dammit, go fucking see *Pi*! **The Truman Show:** This was the point in the summer when I started seeing the Hollywood movies I missed second-run. Somehow, this movie didn't develop quite the way I expected it to. It didn't quite follow the textbook Syd Field formula for a script, which kind of threw me. It had some great things going for it though, and concept-wise it was pretty mind-blowing. I don't know quite what I think about it now, but since I missed the first few minutes I definitely would like to see it again. **Return To Paradise:** Wait until this movie comes out on video, then fast-forward through all the parts that don't take place in Malaysia. Okay, they had an interesting moral dilemma (whether to go back and

continued on page 15





by Jacob Chabot and Mark Hugo

We here at the Omen tend to mock those with a "hippie" lifestyle on a constant basis. We just want to let you know that you're not alone out there. In fact, we hate a lot of people, 92.3% of the entire world to be exact. Some people have recommended therapy, but we hate them too. Here is just a fraction of the kinds of people that ruffle our panties.

- Pretentious film freaks that won't stop critiquing movies. You can't go to the movies with these people because they can't stop telling you why the film sucks hardcore. SHUT UP AND TRY TO ENJOY A MOVIE FOR WHAT IT IS FOR ONCE!

- People who use structuralism in everyday conversation.

- People who think they know everything about the comic book industry from watching *Chasing Amy*. If I hear someone refer to an inker as a tracer again I'm going to kick their ass so hard they'll be burping farts for the week.

- People who consider themselves "hipper than thou" because they're much more alternative than you. They only listen to some obscure crap that nobody's ever heard of but will be the next best thing as soon as the idiotic world wakes up and realizes it and you like Hootie.

- Shining Happy People Laughing, you bliss fiends have got to be on something.

- Pamphlet passer outers. You people peddling your petty propaganda.

- People who are against excess but own Saabs.

- People who are above cleaning up their own messes, like bussing their own damn trays.

- People who bitch about how there's nothing to do and they're bored and won't do a damned thing about it.

- Nerdy annoying albino computer geeks from the great white north who think they know everything. Nobody likes these guys.

- Speaking of guys nobody likes, **the friggin' French with their be-rets and their patés and their dainty little ways.**

- Old men who refuse to button their shirts.

- You assholes who park on the grass or in the lanes in the parking lot because you're too goddamn lazy to walk from the end of the parking lot. AND you bastards who can't handle parking between two white lines. Fucks.

- People who can't deal with the fact that they're white.

- Liberal Neo Nazis, Reagan Democrats, you know who you are.

- You fucks that hold up the line at Saga, standing there whining about how there's nothing good.

- People who actually care about who's sucking the President's

dick.

- Goddamn dirty traitors.

- People who have conversations with you and you're not even involved.

- Anyone who drives a sport utility vehicles and has never taken it off-road.

- People who bring babies to R-rated movies. Why, people, why?

- People who tell you when they're going to go take a piss.

- Hampshire publications who change their name more often than they change their underwear.

- The fashion police.

- Lame assholes who quote Monty Python incessantly. Hell, people who quote anything incessantly. Come up with your own material you lame asshole.

- Men who use feminism to get laid.

- All you trendy nineties guys with your "feelings" and your "sensitive skin." Suck it up and be a man! There's just not enough of us anymore. And wear socks under your shoes, hotdammit!!

- People who complain about how they never see you every time they see you.

- Those art fucks who spend hours talking about the meaning of a line. You goddamn "artists" have to realize that sometimes a gun is just a fucking gun!

- Any stuffed shirt liberal who bought Riverdance from a catalogue.

- You, you bitch.



Booze Up and Riot: The Frat Story

by Aemily dara Reshen

Why is it that walking down UMASS Frat row is like being an extra in some cheesy 80's movie where there are stupid, drunk guys crawling all over the place in desperate attempts to look up girls' skirts? Doesn't a couch in the front lawn, littered with empty cans of Budweiser sound a tad too stereotypical?? Perhaps the huge parade float-sized Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle perched on the front lawn of one of the Frat houses epitomizes everything that is wrong with UMASS.

The fact that there were actually human beings out there who were persuaded to "RUSH" that particular Frat house because of a ridiculous plastic cartoon character, just makes me want to grab my rifle and head over to the nearest book depository by UMASS. What are frats good for anyway? A good supply of roofies? A house full of beds for taking advantage of girls? Or maybe frats are just group homes for drunken assholes?

For those of you morons who are totally clueless and should probably just drop out of

school anyway, the "RUSH" process is when the Greek organizations at lame ass schools like UMASS recruit and choose new members for their fascist organizations. This is also the time where hazing activities occur like forcing the "pledges" to first drink approximately 20 quarts of Jack Daniels and then jump off bridges into icy cold rivers (**I saw this in a made-for-T.V. movie**).

Wow. Anyone who would organize or participate in such an event must be really studly. I mean, putting your life on the line in order to be a part of a Nazi organization sounds like real fun. Oh, yes, I believe that all frats are just sub-groups of the Aryan Nation. Let's examine the facts, shall we? The members of frats must pledge their undying allegiance to THE BROTHERHOOD. H-E-L-L-O. You would think that the white supremacist groups could attempt to be a little more subtle than that. I don't need to even discuss any of the other facts because that piece of evidence is so very strong.

In fact, while we are discussing fraternities, we might as

well touch upon sororities. Why is it exactly that sororities have designated colors, flowers, symbols, and mottos?? Did sororities become their own states when I wasn't looking? Did they get seats in Congress as well?

In fact, because these sororities and fraternities sound so fucking nifty, I am thinking about starting my own. Its called the Gamma Fucka Phi Poopy Epsilon Upa Your Ass organization. Our color will, of course, be black, our flower will be a rose without the petals and heavy on the thorns, our symbol will be a guy in a white baseball cap getting flogged by our flower, and our motto will be **"Remember To Make Sure That Your Gun Is Loaded Before Climbing The Stairs To The Book Depository."**

If anyone is interested in participating in my Frat collective, please send \$2 along with your name and box number to Editor of Evil, care of The Omen, Box Blah in order to receive an application for consideration of receiving the real application for admittance.



by Jacob Chabot

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY



The Dark Knight, Sugar,

by Jacob Chabot

Aaahh, Saturday mornings, the traditional time for getting up at the crack of dawn for one purpose, to watch cartoons. This time slot is like the primetime of cartoons, and yet cartoons rarely last more than one season (*Smurfs* is one exception that I can think of. Oh, and those ancient, yet somehow still hip, *Looney Tunes*). Cartoons like *Galaxy High*, *Snorks*, and that cartoon with *Mr. T* and those kids were only on for a brief time, but remain entrenched in my memory. Now, I'm pretty damn sure I'm the only one around here who still gets up around here to continue this ritual. **Saturday mornings are the time for sleeping off Friday night's booze drenched debauchery.** So, just to clue you in on what you're missing, I got a bunch of sugary cereal and plopped myself down in front of the tube.

7:51 A.M.-I caught the end of some show called *War Planets* on the WB Network. Very cool looking computer animation. Other than that, I can't say. I came in too late to even know what the show was about and was still pretty bleary eyed.

8:00 A.M.-*The New Batman Superman Adventures*, also on the WB. I can't tell you how much ass this show kicks. For-

get everything you've learned about Batman from those asinine movies, this is Batman done right. Damn right. This show is one of the survivors, lasting through three incarnations and two networks and winning multiple awards. Anyway, I was fortunate enough to catch the special "World's Finest" episodes, where the Superman and Batman halves of the show come together. Lex Luthor hires the Joker to kill

S u p e s . Bruce Wayne comes to Metropolis to do business with Luthor. The crossover ensues. This show features Luke Skywalker himself, our very own Mark Hamill as the Joker, the only role since *Star Wars* to give him any respect (maybe because it doesn't show his funny little mug). I crack open a box of Lucky Charms and sit back. Batman is such a bastard, it's great. First thing he does is start macking on Supes' main squeeze, Lois, as Bruce Wayne. Then he chucks Superman across the room and continues to upstage him at every turn. These guys are con-

stantly at each other's throats. The big blue can't stand the dark knights methods and Batman doesn't agree with Superman's Laissez Faire attitude. The main match of Supes and Bats versus Lex and the Joker are preceded by a number of preliminary bouts. The Joker's too cute sidekick Harlequin gets in numerous cat fights with Lex's bodyguard, Mercy. Then we have Bats vs. Supes, Joker vs. Supes, Lex vs.



Joker, and Lex's equipment (he'd never sully his hands) vs. Bats. I've already talked too much. I love this show. The writing and animation exceed all expectations and the Lucky Charms were tasty, not too sweet as to be sickening.

9:30-Switched from *Men in Black* (proves that like the action figure line, anything that's not the movie SUCKS!) to *Re-*

the French, and Breasts

cess on ABC. This show is about a group of kids and their antics at recess (Surprise!). This episode involved the principal getting hypnotized and thinking that he was six. The kids befriend him and try to take advantage of the fact that he's still the principal. This show was fairly engaging, dealing with the interesting topic of being faced with a sudden loss of freedom and innocence. But, it was also nothing special. It was bland and predictable, appealing to the broadest audience possible. **It went well with the Frosted Cheerios, which were like the Lucky Charms only without the zing of the marshmallows.**

9:40-What? Only 10 minutes? The rest of this block on ABC is filled with shorts like *What's Up With That?*, featuring a Scientist who is a cross between Bill Nye and Jerry Seinfeld, *Manny the Uncanny*, a mad(?) scientist who floated around under a big fat guy named Mr. Lighter Than Air, *How Things Work*, a hilarious spoof on old educational film strips, and *Mrs. Munger's Class*, an animated yearbook.

10:00-Switched back to the WB. This show called *Pepper Ann* was on ABC that was just like Nickelodeon's Doug for girls. On the WB was *Pinky and the Brain*. Everyone likes

this show. In today's episode, our boys are kidnapped by animal rights activists and set free in the jungle where they will surely perish. That is until an interesting role reversal takes place and the Brain, devoid of his scientific equipment, has to rely on Pinky's animalistic instincts. Roddy McDowall geust stars as Brain's nemesis, a hamster named Snowball. This just shows while most of the crap on the WB is unwatchable, the cartoons are top notch. I had some Trix and found them unremarkable. They don't taste like fruit at all, and what's with all of the new flavors? When I was a kid, we had like four, now there's six "with new wild berry!"

10:30- Back to ABC for *Science Court*. This show uses the same squiggle animation used for Comedy Central's *Dr. Katz*, and Dr. Katz even has a part on the show. The premise of the show is that every episode, idiot lawyer Doug Savage takes on a case and is torn apart by simple science (water condensation in this episode). This show is funny in so many ways, there's stuff like the alluded sexual relationship between Savage and TV anchor Jen Betters, and random crap like Stenographer Fred writing and saying "Mine" on his imaginary car windshield.

11:00-There just aren't many cartoons on anymore. The only stations that had them were Fox, the WB, and ABC. *Mr. Bean* was on PBS. I know it's not a car-

toon, but it's close enough.

11:30-Back to the cartoons. This thing called *Oggy and the Cockroaches* was on Fox. **This French produced crap was a wannabe Ren and Stimpy lookalike that rehearsed the old tired Looney Tunes concepts.** The backgrounds were all computer generated, "Ooooooh, look. We're so modern!" Why did we bring over this frog crap?!

11:33-Only three minutes? It seemed like a lifetime. The thing that catches the eyes of all of us horny men in the room (hey, where did the audience come from? Must be getting late) were tight shirted 20-year olds pretending to be 16 in NBC's (motto: We don't have cartoons) *Saved by the Bell: the Next Generation* (hee hee). This show is also a survivor for some reason. While most of the cast has left for bigger and better things (like *Showgirls*) Screech stuck around because if not for this show, he would probably be homeless. Between staring at perky chests, we kept trying to give Oggy a chance. No dice. Bosoms were more interesting. And how about that writing, eh? "Hey, these weights are bogus." "Let's fix em." Master dialogue performed by seasoned actors. Hey, look at those breasts!

Where All The Missing Socks Have Gone Or

by Bren Tamlino

Recently, I've found myself getting nostalgic over the socks I've lost through the years. I know, it sounds strange, maybe even a little absurd, but I'm serious. You know what I'm talking about: you remember wearing a pair of socks, placing them both in the wash, transferring them to the dryer, and then later on when you are folding the wash, there is always one vagabond sock without its tag team partner. The surviving and/or remaining member of the pair looks so desolate and lugubrious without its mate, and you just feel so tremendously terrible for it. I usually take a few minutes to console the sock, telling it that everything will be okay, and its comrade will turn up in a couple of days. And sometimes they do, but most often, assuredly, missing socks fail to reappear.

I've been wondering where they go; the missing socks, of course. On occasion, I have found one that has successfully jumped-ship from the dryer, and is lying supine, exhausted from the endeavor of escape, on the basement floor. Some have made it far enough to the steps back up to my room, where I can never quite decide whether it was trying to come home to its partner, or was trying to find the front door and took a wrong turn at the sofa. Sometimes, I have found them unwashed: under the bed, in the wrong drawer congregating with underwear behind the desk, in the backseat of my car, or in that "other" pile of clothes you couldn't afford to wash because you only had enough quar-

ters for one load. A couple have mistakenly placed themselves in the trash, unbenounced to me, and were ready to wander off into the abyss of a landfill or be incinerated. And I wonder: do they not enjoy being socks, or is it just me?

Maybe I wash them improperly, maybe they don't like my detergent or the water is too hot or too cold. Maybe they just don't like existing as the faculty for my perspiring feet. Do they lament being twisted into a ball with their partner on reserve in my drawer? Is it me, or their partner? Maybe the pair fell in love, and are now having a falling out? **Do socks in love need "space" just like Hampshire relationships?** Maybe that's it. I'm more than willing to separate sock sleeping quarters, maybe even designate two drawers in my bureau for them, one for each member of a pair, if that will help them. It's a tough call, though. Some socks, those that I have had for several years, seem quite happy, and maybe even in love. These pairs, I'm sure, would resent separated sleeping quarters. In the same breath, though, there are just so many pair that seem to have problems with co-habitation, and maybe my forcing them to share the same drawer after only knowing each other a short time between the textile factory and packaging is pushing things along too quickly.

It is possible, too, that socks just die, and dissolve, like slugs do when you put salt on them. Maybe there is a sock war that we do not know about. What if there

are socks that get draft cards, and have to go off and fight on the Sock War front against The Enemy? I'm not sure who The Enemy are, but my guess would be neck ties. I have never met a neck tie that seems to like the company of socks. This might explain why my socks get random holes at the toes and heel, where my neck ties frill at the tip and often fray. Sure, I used to think it was just wear and tear on the garments, but, the more I think about it, it all seems to make sense: socks and ties are at war.

Absolutely, indeed, it all makes sense now. Think about it: what is more symbolic (in the world of fashion) of the capitalist system than neck ties? And what could be more symbolic of an egalitarian, hard working blue-collar proletariat than socks? Ties spend their time at the throats of executives, professionals, and the business-oriented ilk at large, while socks are busy working a terrible job, under tremendously oppressed conditions trapped inside our shoes, trying to make ends meet and provide for their families. Ties habitat in hierarchy on a tie rack, the best ties, the most attractive or most expensive ties at the top, in descending order of a social darwinian rank to the ugliest and oldest, often obsolete tie at the bottom. When times are tough, the ties at the bottom are fired, or given their pink slip, destined to retire in the trash, or up and move to the equivalent of Tie Florida: the Salvation Army. Meanwhile, socks share a cramped living environment, housed communally with a throng of other

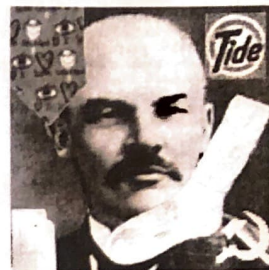
When 50/50 Cotton-Poly Comes Marching Home

socks and sock couples and their families, concealed in a drab and dismal drawer. Bureaus and dressers, afterall, are the slums of any bedroom microcosm, where the closet is suburbia, and the tie rack a Manhattan penthouse.

Socks are revolting against The Man, and who am I to judge? Socks deserve rights, and if it is a Communist society they want, then I support them wholeheartedly. Why should the ties get the tie rack to themselves? Why do we need a tie rack at all? Does any article of clothing, or any collective or associative group of clothing deserve better working and living conditions than any other? I say no. And all people, or socks, have a divine right to stand up for themselves, and change or destroy any system that is actively oppressing them.

After a debriefing from a representative of The People's Sock Party, **my suspicions of a clandestine Sock**

Revolution have been confirmed. The representative sock confirmed the war was active on five continents, and was coordinated by a coalition of comrades in Moscow. The Secretary-General of The People's Sock Party, a wool sock named Staticguardlin, told me in email that "the Party has contained the revolution in many countries, but is having difficulty in North America and western Europe, where the clutch ties have over socks in the oppressive environment of capitalist ideology has become a roadblock." He asked me to spread the word, to break news of The Revolution to humans in order to bolster support for the socks. Staticguardlin also sent me a JPEG (digital picture) of Comrade Linen, deceased Father of The Revolution, whose body is enshrined at a public tomb in Red Sock Square. "Never forget how far Comrade Linen has taken The Party, and where we would have been with-



out him," it wrote.

Staticguardlin wanted me to impress patience with those people, like me, who have spent much time wondering about their missing socks. "Be well," it wrote, "knowing that your departed socks have been fighting for their families, and themselves. To better their conditions, and the condition of our greater sock society." This is where I am at. If the socks are raging against the machine, against the ties, against The Man, then I support them. Down with the Apparell Bourgeoisie!

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serve time in prison to save another man's life) but it was never a gripping moral dilemma, or even a particularly exciting moral dilemma. It was actually a pretty boring moral dilemma. The ending was really, really good, but unless you have a thing for Vince Vaughn or Anne Heche, you can skip this one.

The X-Files: Now really, what was the point of this movie? It was pretty much a two-hour episode of the TV show with a couple expensive effects thrown in for good measure. If you don't watch the show regularly you're never gonna follow this. If Scully and Mulder swore like sailors or got naked or something I could see the point of moving *The X-Files* to the big screen, but otherwise...

Your Friends and Neighbors: Could anything be more sweet than a black romantic comedy from Neil LaBute, the director of *In The Company of Men* (a great movie

about love and misogyny in the office)? This guy is one bitter, brilliant director. I can't think of a better movie about how people screw each other. And it was really funny too. Everybody see it as soon as you get the chance.

54: The summer's other Studio 54 movie (the first being *The Last Days of Disco*). This one had a lot more sex, drugs, and gay men. You should've heard the audience's reaction at the Hampshire Mall when Mike Myers blurted out, "I'd like to suck your cock." It's good to see that in a mainstream theater. It was a pretty good story of '70s excess, and Jersey won out over New York in the end. What more could you want?

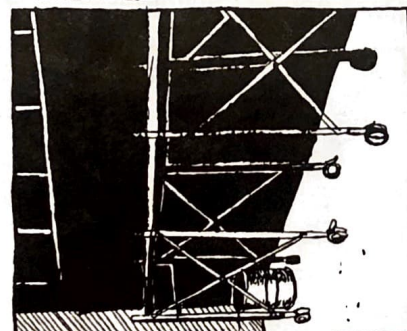
So that's it. The lesson here: stay indie. Hollywood may have been a little better this summer, but you can't beat the art house for quality.

Next issue: *Slums of Beverly Hills* (I hope).

RICK and SAURUS FEMME FATALES

CHAPTER ONE: BADOOM

JC 98



GASP!
WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO OUR HEROES?
TO BE CONTINUED